

# PALMS

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'THE POEM'S THE THING.'

# Palms

Idella Purnell, Editor

Volume IV

No. 11

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## A House in Taos

### Rain

Thunder of the Rain God:  
And we three  
Smitten by beauty.

Thunder of the Rain-God:  
And we three  
Weary, weary.

Thunder of the Rain-God:  
And you, she and I  
Waiting for nothingness.

Do you understand the stillness  
Of this house in Taos  
Under the thunder of the Rain-God?

### Sun

That there should be a barren garden  
About this house in Taos  
Is not so strange,  
But that there should be three barren hearts  
In this one house in Taos,—  
Who carries ugly things to show the sun?

### Moon

Did you ask for the beaten brass of the moon?  
 We can buy lovely things with money,  
 You, she and I,  
 Yet you seek  
 As though you could keep,  
 This unbought loveliness of moon.

### Wind

Touch our bodies, wind,  
 Our bodies are separate individual things.  
 Touch our bodies, wind,  
 But blow quickly  
 Through the red, white, yellow skins  
 Of our bodies  
 To the terrible snarl,  
 Not mine,  
 Not yours,  
 Not hers,  
 But all one snarl of souls.  
 Blow quickly, wind,  
 Before we run back into the windlessness,—  
 With our bodies,—  
 Into the windlessness  
 Of our house in Taos.

\*  
 \* \*

### Beale Street Love

Love  
 is a brown man's fist  
 with hard knuckles . . .  
 blackening the eyes,  
 crushing the lips.  
 Hit me again,  
 says Clorinda.

Walls

Four walls can hold  
Oh, so much pain:  
Four walls that shield  
From the wind and rain.

Four walls can keep  
Oh, so much sorrow,  
Garnered from yesterday  
And held for tomorrow.

Dressed Up

I had ma clothes cleaned  
Just like new.  
I put 'em on  
But I still feels blue.

I bought a new hat,  
Sho is fine,  
But I wish I had back  
That old gal o' mine.

I got new shoes,—  
They don't hurt ma feet,  
But I ain't got no body  
To call me sweet.

*Langston Hughes*